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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

A TOMBOY.

She comes! she comes! with song and glee,
Her train o'er lawn and lea!
And free and free her wind-blown tress,
Her fleecy scarf, her careless dress,
Her sweet girl voice, that bird-like sings,
Her merry laugh, that tireless rings
High o'er those booming sounds of sport—
All hail, wind queen of madcap court!

No daisy chain will this gay girl
E'er weave to deck her dancing curl;
No wreath of meadow buds and bells,
Though both, she wote, become her well;
Not here to guess of joy or grief
By coming of a holy leaf;
She tents not fortune's smile or frown
By puffs of dandelion down;
No necklace frames of rosan gems,
Nor fragrant, flower-wrought diadems!

No poet she to doze and dream
Long, lazy hours by haunted stream!
If small the brook, she'll lead her train,
And leap it o'er and back again;
Or if her boys will but away
She'll wade it, may be, I can't say,
Her boys, all boys, around her press
For love of her sweet winsomeness,
And dogs that bark for very glee—
A harum-scarum company.

She's o'er the lea, she's won the wood,
This dainty bud of midnighood;
Those joyous peals, I row, bespeak
The gay, glad mirth of hide-and-seek,
As hazel delf and beakened glade
Her graceless hand in turns invade;
Little she reck of routs or shreds,
But boldly brands the bramble beds!

'Tis she has bade them rig the awing
And wood for firs unbellowed bring;
'Tis she the torch lilteth waves,
And leads her troops through murmur caves;
'Tis she hath crossed the pine trunk thin,
That, rocking, bridges yon dark ban—
With joyous cheer and wild halloo
Hounds on her host to derring-do!

'Tis she has taught those nimble feet
To scatter wide the windows sweet;
On fragrant hayricks led the foe,
And long hours' work at once laid low.
Yet Farmer Swan, who from the stile
Had watched it all, ne'er ceased to smile—
'God bless her purty face!—She be
A regular tomboy, sartinee.

STORY TELLER.

THE MISTAKE OF A LIFE.

"Is he really so handsome," asked Eleanor May, incredulously.

"The handsomest man you ever saw!" cried Olive Satterly.

She was sitting on the back door-step shelling peas, with a great rose-bush showering its pink petals down on her brown braids of hair, and her eyes sparkled beneath their lashes; while Louisa, the beauty of the family, leaned out of the window, her pretty tresses screwed up in curl papers, and a loose wrapper buttoned carelessly at the throat, with no ornamental accessories in the way of collar, frills, or bows; for Louisa had been to a party the night before, and had slept late, scolded her mother, because the coffee was cold, and absolutely declined any interference with the household that morning.

"Exactly like a corsair," said Louisa, suppressing a yawn. "Tall and dark, with such a great diamond on his little finger, and glorious eyes; and he seemed so surprised to think that I recognized him through his disguise."

"What costume did he assume?" asked Eleanor May, who, not having received an invitation to the fancy-dress ball at Mrs. Pipington's, was naturally inquisitive upon the subject.

"A pirate," said Louisa, "with a black velvet cap, you know, and scarlet sash and earrings. And he declared that he could disguise himself so completely the next time that I could not possibly identify him, and he wagered a box of kid-gloves on the question."

"I suppose he means Lizzie Hooker's birthday-party?" said Olive.

"Of course," said Louisa.

"I wish I could go," said Olive, working diligently away at the peas, that dropped like emeralds into the shining tin pan.

"Well, you can't," replied Louisa, shortly. "You know mamma can't afford two fancy dresses, and I am the oldest."

"Yes, I know," said Olive, meekly.

"And Mr. Medlicote danced only once with you last night," added Louisa, unable to repress her exultation, "and waltzed with me three times."

Little Olive, looking shyly up at her sister, secretly wished that Providence had seen fit to make her also a beauty.

"I suppose," said Miss May, curiously, "that he is very rich?"

"Oh, very," nodded Louisa.

And Olive's thoughts jumped at once to the idea of how her beautiful sister would look in the regulation of orange-blossoms and white tulle.

"I wonder if I ever shall be married?" pondered Olive, shelling peas faster than ever.

"Who is that coming around the corner of the house?" cried Louisa,

with some asperity. "One of those everlasting peddlers again? Oh! it's only a scissors-grinder!"

"And very fortunate," said Mrs. Satterly, a pale, over-worked little woman, with light hair and faded complexion, "for my scissors are so bad that I can't cut with them; and there's the embroidery scissors, and a pair that belongs to the mending-basket, and"—

"How much do you ask a pair?" demanded Louisa, sailing out on the garden-path, with her pretty feet trust into slipshod slippers, her soiled wrapper torn down one side.

The man, a swart-browed, stooping foreigner, set his wheel upon the grass, bowed low, with a smile that showed teeth gleaming white through his thick bushy beard, and held up six fingers in pantomimic gesture.

"That's too much," said Louisa.

"He can't understand you, Louisa," said Eleanor, laughing.

Miss Satterly shook her head, stamped her tiny little foot, held up six pairs of scissors in various stages of dilapidation, and displayed a shilling.

The scissors-grinder smiled again; he made an obeisance nearly to the ground, and assented to the bargain with numerous nods and signs.

"Isn't he funny?" said Eleanor. "Horrid voluteen-coated fellow!" said Louisa. "To think that he belongs to the same humanity with my divine Algoner!"

"He looks tired and thirsty," said gentle-hearted Olive. "I've a great mind to offer him something to drink."

"You'll do no such thing," said Louisa imperiously. "I'll have no sister of mine running to wait on scissors-grinders. Mamma, is the coffee ready yet?"

"Coffee?" repeated her mother, with a conscience-stricken air. "I declare, Louisa, I forgot all about it. But I'll run directly and set it boiling."

Louisa crimsoned to the very temples. "Forgot!" replied she. "You are always forgetting! I never saw anyone like you in all my life. No, I won't have it now. If you can't prepare my coffee when I want it, you shan't prepare it at all. I should think you might have seen to it, Olive."

"I am very sorry," began Olive, apologetically; "for all that, I think you ought not to speak so crossly to mamma."

"Hold your tongue," said Louisa, stamping her foot again. "Am I going to be tutored by you? I shall speak as I please. Dear me, how that scissors-grinder's buzzing makes my head ache!"

Finally she swept into the house like a fury.

When Olive came in a few minutes afterwards with six pairs of scissors, all sharpened and burnished up to a high state of brilliancy, her sister was lying on the sofa, with her face to the wall and her eyes resolutely closed.

"Oh, dear me!" thought Olive, "I am afraid she is in one of her sulky fits, that last twenty-four hours at a time."

She took advantage of circumstances to pour out a glass of milk, which she gave to the swarthy Italian when she carried out the money he had so hardly earned.

He bowed low once more, drank it eagerly, and astonished Olive by raising her hand to his lips, as he uttered the "*Bonon giano signorina*" and departed.

"I suppose it is his foreign way," said Olive, turning very rosy.

"It is lucky for you that Louisa doesn't see him," laughed Eleanor May.

"Oh, Eleanor, don't tell her," said Olive, blushing more than ever.

"Of course I shan't," said Eleanor.

"Well, what luck?" asked Guy Mariner, as he sat smoking at his window that evening, and hailed the approach of Algoner Medlicote.

"I've won my wager."

"No!"

"How did you manage it?"

"Disguised myself as a scissors-grinder, and put the family scissors in perfect order."

"Did they suspect—the young ladies, I mean?"

"Not in the least."

"And how does the one with golden locks appear in the seclusion of her home?"

"Like a slovenly virago," said he.

"Had it been anything else, the testimony of my own eyes, I couldn't have believed it. But Olive, brown-eyed Olive, is a jewel of the first water."

"So you have transferred your allegiance from one sister to the other?"

laughed Mariner. "But isn't it hard for the divine Louisa to lose both her wager and her lover at the same time?"

"It's a rose bud month," said Medlicote, gravely shaking his head, "but the sharp words spoiled its beauty; the hair is like spun gold, but curl-papers are not becoming to the female face. On the whole, I think I have reason to be grateful to the scissors-grinding fraternity forever."

And beautiful Louisa Satterly could not understand why Algoner Medlicote had proposed to little brown-eyed Olive instead of her.

"Everybody thought he was devoted to me," she said, consolingly.

"Perhaps he changed his mind," said Eleanor.

Of course Mr. Medlicote confessed the episode of scissors-grinding to his happy little wife after their marriage—well-regulated husbands never have secrets from their wives—but Louisa never suspected. For what says the old adage?

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

THE CURFEW HEROINE.

POOL'S MILLS, KY., July 7, 1882.
MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of July 26 I noticed a letter from Jessie Davis, Shannon, Lee County, Miss., in which she says she would like to know the poem of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night." I will send this sketch. I do not know whether it is a true history or not, but as the poem is universally admired, I hope Jessie Davis will find pleasure in reading it, if you deem it worthy of publication.

MRS. SUSAN PARKER.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We think it more than likely this sketch is founded on Rosa Hartwick Thorpe's poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night." She wrote it in 1866, when she was 16 years of age, but it was not published until 1870. Our readers are familiar with the poem. We herewith publish the narrative sent us by Mrs. Parker.]

It lacked quite half an hour of Curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the watted roof of his cottage stoop and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet scented air.

He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened in the heavy metallic throbs of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tolled out his notes of mourning for good Queen Bess, and with tears scarcely dry he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned, resigned, and expiated his weakness before all England in Jasper's time; and he, who under his army held all the commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than monarch, and still the old man, with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin in sorrow.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled sky.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the annals of the years that had gone before—that there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little recked he that Cromwell's spearmen were camped on the moor beyond the village—that Cromwell himself rode with his guardsmen a league away; he only knew that the bell that had been rung in the tower when William the Conqueror made curfew a law, had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm for sixty years had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with slow step towards the gate, when a woman came hurriedly in from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble, with all its roundness and dimples. Her great solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips were forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass; I am deaf and cannot hear your clatter."

The voice raised, and the hands clasped and unclasped, and rung themselves together palm and palm.

"For Heaven's sake, Jasper, do not ring the curfew to-night."

"What, no ring curfew! Ye must be daft, lassie."

"Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake, for my sake, for one night in all your long life, forget to ring the bell. Fail this once and my lover shall live, whom Cromwell says shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear? my lover, Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewels that the Lady Maud gave me, and the gold shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would ye bribe me, Lily de Vere?"

Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets in ye're veins as ye're mother had. What, corrupt the bell-ringer under her Majesty, good Queen Bess? Not for all the gold that Lady Maud could bring me! What is your lover to me! Babes have been born and strong men have died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa!"

And out on the village green, with the solemn shadows of the heavens lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood handsome, and brave and tall—taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword that the great Cromwell wielded was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late Lord up at the Castle, and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo and women must wait, had given her heart to him without asking, while the gentle Lily de Vere, distant kinswoman and poor companion to her, had, without seeking, found the treasures of his true love, and held them fast. Then he had joined the army, and made one of those pious soldiers whose passions were never stirred but by sign or symbol of popery. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conquered him. To-night he was to die.

The beautiful world laid as a vivid picture before him. The dark green-wood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt; the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers; the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it; the green, straight walks of the village; the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But, ah! more vividly than all, he saw the great red ruin with its hazy veil lingering above the trees, as though it pitied him with more than human pity.

He was a God-fearing man. He had long made his peace with Heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to destroy him, but the sweet face of Lily de Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for his life. She had wearied Heaven with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down. Slowly the last red rim was hid behind the greenwood. Thirty seconds more and his soul would be with his God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings of hair lay upon a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life that he should cling to it? He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers with his clear gray eyes upon them, he waited. The crimson banners in the west were paling to pink. The kine had ceased their lowing and had been gathered into the brick-yards.

All nature had sounded her curfew; but old Jasper was silent.

The bell-ringer, with his gray head yet bared, had traversed half the distance that lay between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form went flitting past him, with pale, shadowy robes flitting around it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah, Huldah!" the old man muttered; "how swift she flies! I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done." Huldah was the good wife who had gone from him in her early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeting form was not Huldah's; it was Lily de Vere, hurried by sudden and desperate purpose towards the cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragoons come this way. Once more I will kneel at his feet and plead."

She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps, her heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the black carvings. As she went up she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its groined roof, its chevrons and clustered columns; its pictured saint and carved image of the Virgin, which the pillagers of ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless vandal of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow tints thrown by the stained glass

across her dewy white brow; up—still up—past open arcade and arc, with griffin and gargoyls staring at her from under bracket and cornice, with all the hideousness and mediæval carving; the stairs, flight by flight growing truer beneath her young feet; now but a slender network between her and the outer world, but still up.

Her breath was coming short and gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The seconds were treasures which Cromwell, with all his blood-bought commonwealth, could not purchase from her. Up—ah—there, just above her, with its great brazen north and wick-end tongue, the bell hung.

A worm-eaten block for a step, and one small white hand had clasped itself above the clapper—the other prepared, at the tremble, to rise and clasp its mate, and the feet to swing off—and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure, and it came at last. A faint quiver, and the young feet swung from their rest, and the tender hands clasped for more than the precious life the writhing thing. There was a groaning and creaking of the rude pulleys above, and then the strokes came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not forgot its cunning, nor his arm its strength.

The tender, soft form was swung and dashed to and fro. But she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel thing. Let one stroke come, and a thousand might follow—for its fatal work would be done. She wreathed her white arm about it, so that at every pull of the great ropes it crushed into the flesh. It tore her, and wounded and bruised; but there in the solemn twilight the brave woman swung, and fought with the curfew; and God gave her victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself; "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for my old arms. My ears, too, have failed me. I dinna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell, it is my ears that have gone false and not you. Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went flitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who walked in her sleep, and the hands hung wounded and powerless at her side.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled May-pole before the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king and beautiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye, but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a girl came flying towards him. Pikeman and archer stepped aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover; with trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived—why the curfew had not sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out of her latticed window at the castle, saw the great Protector dismount, lift the patient form in his arms and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release the prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance; then she welcomed the night that shut the scene out from her envious eye and sepulchred her from his gloom.

At the next matin bell, old Jasper died, and at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with him always.

The Sun.

In my reference to the physical history of the sun, the stupendous magnitude of its sphere must be kept vividly present to the mind. With a diameter 109 times longer than that of the earth's, the solar orb looks out into space from the surface that is 12,000 times larger than the one which the earth enjoys. The bulk of the sun is 1,300,000 times greater than that of the earth. If the surface of the sun were a thin external rind or shell, and the earth were placed in the middle of this hollow sphere, not only would the moon have space to circle in its usual orbit without ever getting outside of the solar shell, but there would be room also for a satellite, nearly as far again as the moon, to accomplish a similar course. The weight of the sun is 300,000 times the weight of the earth, or, in round numbers, 2,000 millions of tons. The mean distance of the sun from the earth is now so well as-

certained through investigations which have been made in several distinct ways, that there can scarcely be in the estimate error of 5,000,000 miles. The distance at the present time given, is 92,885,000 miles. This measure is in itself so vast that, if any traveler were to move at the rate of four miles an hour for ten hours a day it would take him 6,300 years to reach the sun. Sound would traverse the interval, if there were anything in space capable of transmitting sonorous vibrations, in fourteen years, and a cannon-ball sustaining its initial velocity throughout would do the same thing in nine years.

A curious illustration, attributed to Prof. Mendenhall, is to the effect that an infant, with an arm long enough when stretched out from the earth to reach the sun, would die of age before it could become conscious, through the transmission of the nervous impression from the hand to the brain, that it had burned its fingers.

In order that the earth, thus moving round the sun with a celerity of 93,000 miles intervening space between them, may not be drawn to the sun by the preponderant attraction of its 1,300,000 times larger mass, it has to shoot forward in its path with a momentary velocity fifty times more rapid than that of the swiftest rifle ball.

But in moving through twenty miles of the outward path, the earth is drawn out of a straight line by something less than the eighth part of an inch. This deviation properly the source from the amount of the solar attraction has been ascertained. If the earth were suddenly arrested in its onward flight, and its momentum was destroyed, it would be drawn to the sun by the irresistible force on its attraction, in the twenty-seventh part of the time which a cannon ball would take to complete the journey.—*Edinburgh Review.*

In Case of Poisoning.

What is to be done in case of poisoning or suspected poisoning? This important question Dr. Von Nussbaum, a first-class authority in medicine, has answered clearly and concisely in a book recently published. He says: In all cases of poisoning, no matter what poisonous substance may have been taken, and no matter how it has entered the system, this is the first-class rule to be observed: Remove as much as possible the poisoning substance out of the body—then, if the substance be known, give an antidote, which is, however, not always at hand. Finally, dilute as much as possible and throw out of the system the remnant of the poison.

These effects can be obtained by promoting as soon as possible evacuation at the stomach by vomiting. For this purpose, give copious draughts of warm water, and tickle the fauces of the throat with the finger. Then as an antidote for all poisons, large quantities of tepid milk may be swallowed, which, as a fatty emulsion, will envelope the poison and alleviate irritation. A large quantity of light-black tea will serve the same purpose. By drinking several cups of warm, light-black tea, the poison will be diluted, and, by way of increased perspiration, urination and respiration, be secreted from the system, and thus the danger be removed, or at least lessened. The same treatment can be followed in poisoning by stings of poisonous insects, or bites of venomous or diseased animals.

The first thing to be aimed at is to prevent the inoculating of the venom into blood of the system. Consequently, should you be bitten by a snake in the finger, or be stung in the hand by a poisonous insect, or scratch yourself against a rotten bone, etc., at once try to prevent the poison from entering the blood. Take, therefore, the first string or ribbon you can find, or your handkerchief, and tie it around the limb above the wounded part, in order to hinder the infected blood from going to the heart. This treatment is useful for several reasons: If a serpent has, for instance, bitten a person in the hand and a ligature is applied on the arm, not only is the poison in the wound prevented from going to the heart, and thence to the whole body, but the ligature will will cause the blood in the arm below to flow backwards, the wound will begin to bleed freely, and this bleeding will also, as it were, wash away the venom; it thus becomes, in a manner, the first stream in which to bathe the wound.

Later on, the wound can be washed thoroughly in a stream of water.

Moreover, if we believe that the poison can be sucked out of the wound, we shall do well to construct without delay a cupping glass. Any wine glass will answer satisfactorily. Hold a wine glass over burning paper or over ignited alcohol lamp, to warm and attenuate the air in the glass; then tip it quickly over the wound; the glass will suck out the wound like a cup, and in this way many an injurious substance may be removed. But, as in cases of poisoning through bites and stings, copious draughts of warm drinks are always remedial, and in such cases great attention is likewise to be paid to diluting and quickly withdrawing the poisoning substance.

Charles Dickens As An Editor.

Many a lesson is to be learned from the life of Charles Dickens. His deep sincerity, his indefatigable industry, his methodical habits of life, and his sympathy genuine endeavor, are among the most salient characteristics.

But in no other relation does he appear in so kindly a light as in the editorial capacity which he exercised while controlling *Household Words* and the successor of that magazine, *All the Year Round*. His goodnatured helpfulness to the contributors whom he selected for special work was unbounded, and it was fortunate, indeed, for any young writer who excited his interest. He not only encouraged by personally written letters, but would often partly rewrite a story or article to make it acceptable.

The office was in Wellington Street, Strand, and about eleven o'clock nearly every morning he was to be seen tramping along from the Charing Street Station, fresh from his home at Gadshill, carrying with him his little black bag full of proofs and manuscripts. The tradesmen on the route knew his cheery figure well, and many of them took pride in having served him as a customer.

At the office he was as diligent as any clerk, and fastidiously revised every line that appeared in his magazine. He spared no pains to get the best effects possible, and would rewrite, alter and "cut down," until he was satisfied.

Sometimes he would have pages of "copy" "set up" to judge how they would appear in print, and if the result was not pleasing, he would have them destroyed.

A large number of outside writers, who were not known to him, had to submit to the inexorable routine of all editorial offices: their articles were put in the hands of a reader and adjudicated upon by the latter. But Mr. Dickens saw that every manuscript was carefully examined, and he was, as a successful editor must be, constantly on the lookout for new writers of promise.

He gathered around him a small corps of regular contributors, nearly all of whom became distinguished, and all have borne testimony to his kindness, the excellence of his judgment and the thoroughness of his manner of work.—*The Youth's Companion.*

The Steel Maiden.

A Germany correspondent of the *Toledo Blade* tells of the steel maiden, which is kept in a room precisely as she was in the days of her usefulness. You are shown what appears at first sight to be a rude statue of a woman clumsily hewn out of wood. The guide noiselessly opened it, one door swinging to the right and the other to the left. The statue was hollow, and just the size of the average man.

Inside were straps by which the offender was bound so that he could not move a muscle. All the doors were lined with long, sharp steel spikes, strong and thick, when the victim was firmly secured, the door on the left was slowly but firmly shut, and the long spikes went into his body, two being so arranged as to pierce his eyes. Then the door on the right was closed in a similar manner, and he would receive another complement of spikes, the closing of the doors being done very slowly, that the torture of the man in the embrace of the maiden might be prolonged as long as possible. The very last spike pierced his heart. After remaining shut up for awhile, the straps were loosened from the outside, a spring was touched, and the man fell fifteen feet into a cleverly constructed machine that ground him up as fine as mince-meat, and dropped him into the river below, making food for fishes.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.35. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

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Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The Elder Gallaudet's Birthday.

As the elder Gallaudet's birthday falls on Sunday next, would it not be appropriate for the various deaf-mute preachers, and those officiating at the religious services in deaf-mute institutions, to mark the day by a mention; in their sermons, of the great and lasting benefit which this pioneer of deaf-mute education in America conferred upon all the deaf and dumb of this country? Let us hope that the philanthropic love and self-sacrificing career of this great and good man, will be told to hundreds of deaf-mutes on Sunday, December 10th. There are many who are lamentably ignorant about the life of him to whom thousands of the deaf and dumb owe their present prosperity and enlightenment.

How The Journal is Appreciated.

The truest test of the general recognition of the importance and value of a newspaper is the confidence which its readers and patrons, as well as the public, place in it. That the JOURNAL holds the position of the leading deaf-mute paper, is a fact that no one denies. Its circulation being large, its representations being truthful, its influence among deaf-mutes being great, makes it the best medium for transmitting reliable information to the silent people of the land. We have in this issue advertisements from different States of the Union, which are designed to inform the deaf and dumb concerning the entertainments in store for them during the present month and the first month of the New Year. We feel complimented at the honor thus done the JOURNAL, an honor which has been accorded to no other deaf-mute paper, and which shows the estimation in which the JOURNAL is held. We congratulate the deaf-mutes on the possession of a paper whose sphere of work is so wide and whose tone is straightforward and honest. The JOURNAL not only does a great deal of good, but counteracts the bad influence of at least one paper which is calculated to produce enmity and discord among our class of people, and accomplish the ruin and disgrace, by misleading and untruthful statements, of many an honest and credulous deaf-mute.

Philadelphia Levee.

The mutes of Philadelphia are not to be outdone in enterprise by those of any other State, as will be seen by a reference to their advertisement printed on the third page of this issue of the JOURNAL. From private information, we glean the fact that over one hundred tickets have been sold, which is not at all astonishing when one reads the names of the committee having the matter in charge. There will be several New Yorkers at the Philadelphia Levee, if we do not mistake, who will return the compliment which some of the Quaker City mutes propose to pay to New York mutes by attending the affair in Lyric Hall. Besides the mutes of Gotham, there are a good many mutes of Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, and other places, who will participate in the First Grand Levee ever held in the Quaker City. Distinguished deaf-mutes and their friends will lend their aid in adding to the interest and pleasure of the occasion. One of the Committee, using the language of Oliver Wendell Holmes,

"We're going to have a roaring time, With lots of fun and merriment, Distinguished guests, et cetera, The judge and all the boys."

Boston Levee and Masquerade.

We had just finished sharpening our pencil stub after writing the foregoing, when in came our Bostonian brethren's announcement of their Fourth Grand Annual Levee and Masquerade. A sarcastic Philadelphian once remarked: "Where's Boston? Oh, that one-horse town out there beside the ocean." But despite all the sarcasm that is expended upon the Hub, the people who live there are of a go-ahead spirit, and this characteristic is not confined to the hearing people alone, but to the deaf-mutes as well. The first day of the New Year will no doubt find a numerous throng of happy mutes in Horticultural Hall, and the best we can wish for the coming entertainment is that it may equal the series of annual levees that have preceded it. These levees are a source of happiness to the deaf and dumb, and constitute about the only public entertainment in which they can take part and secure a full share of the programme. Here they meet and talk over old school days, revive old friendships and make new ones. Those who prefer to play games can do so, those who love dancing can woo Terpsichore to their hearts' content, and others who care for neither will no doubt be able to discover, where the crowd is thinnest, some one to whom he can repeat what has so often been said at balls and parties before—

"Not engaged! I'm so glad. Will you talk with me then?"

An ode to me in this desert of crowd; Thank heaven for the folly of dancing men, And the music for playing so loud."

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Sven Malmr called on A. V. Bergquist, at Jamestown, N. Y., on Thanksgiving Day. He used to work for Larson, of Lottville, Pa., an uncle of Mr. Bergquist, but is now employed by Dwight A. Allen, at Brokenstraw, N. Y.

Thomas Breen hopes that Marble Benninger and brother, William M. Dolph and brother, Alexander Arnold and brother will attend the Philadelphia Levee on the 28th. He hopes that all of his class of 1872 will be there.

A correspondent suggests that the Fanwood Literary Association of the New York Institution ask the Manhattan Literary Association and the Catholic Literary Union to choose two members from their respective associations and to have a debate in the chapel of the Institution. The question to be selected by mutual agreement. Is the F. L. A. willing?

John F. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I., spent Thanksgiving day with Fred Smith in Fall River, Mass. They went to the house where they found Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilkinson carpeting the floor. Ere the shade of night, John left the city for Providence. He reports having enjoyed a magnificent time.

There was a nice party given by Mr. and Mrs. Levi A. Lester, Thanksgiving eve, Messrs. Jackson, Tucker, Joseph H. and J. F. Donnelly were present. Other mutes were expected, but failed to come. It was the first of the kind ever given, and Mr. and Mrs. Lester deserve much credit. Their daughter, Maud, added much enjoyment to the party.

Mrs. Eva M. Brown, of Red Bank, N. J., recently presented her husband with a fine baby boy, now named Myron Brown, in honor of her father's college chum. This is Mrs. Brown's second boy, and their many friends congratulate the young couple. A JOURNAL reporter called on them, and found a warm reception awaiting him for not calling sooner to see the "new boy."

That poor unfortunate "hand-one" (?) Iowa "orphan" of twenty-seven brief springs, whose advertisement in the *Advance* the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL notices so caustically, is not the ingenious youth described in the advertisement, but a widower, or at least a divorced man. As a pupil, the boy had a diversified experience in two or more deaf and dumb institutions in the East and in the West, each of which he left without the usual honors.—*Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Times.*

Mr. W. H. Green, of Worcester, Mass., writes: "In the JOURNAL of November 30th, the article by a deaf-mute of Waterbury, Ct., about J. M. T. Davis and three women, was well approved of. They have been in Worcester for three weeks selling the alphabet cards, and if I had known where they were boarding, I would kick them out, but I have not known till a few days before they went off. I will look out for the mute peddlers and beggars."

John Griffin, a newsdealer at Bayard and Division Streets, is deaf. He told a policeman who ordered him to stop his sales on Sunday last, that he understood that newsdealers were not to be meddled with. The policeman had difficulty in making himself understood, and finally arrested Griffin. Justice Patterson discharged the prisoner.—*The Sun*, Dec. 4, 1882.

Mr. Sipple, of Philadelphia, Pa., died last Friday morning at 8 o'clock. He left a wife and daughter. He was buried in North Cedar Hill, Frankfort, Pa., on Monday afternoon. Mr. Sipple was about 56 years of age, a good and industrious man, and much respected by all who knew him. His loss will be felt among the deaf-mutes.

There was a brilliant wedding on Thanksgiving morning in the Quaker Meeting House, Woonsocket, R. I., when Hattie Aldrich, hearing sister of Edwin E. Aldrich and well known to the mutes of Rhode Island, and John Metcalf (hearing), of Worcester, were married.

Mr. Champin L. Buchan has secured a position in the Chicago post-office.

William Burge, of Dunmore, Pa., is working in the mines at Mill Hollow, Pa.

Seven deaf-mutes work in the cooper shops at Minneapolis, Minn. There were twelve, but five of them left last fall.

Mr. W. D. Frey, of Brooklyn, has been staying with his wife's parents in Baltimore for a week, and says he was pleased with his visit.

The Twilight Union will meet at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Aubing, 84 Wythe Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday evening, the 9th inst.

The wife of Mr. Gilmore is afflicted with rheumatism of the heart, which spoiled a Thanksgiving dinner for a few friends, who were invited. We hope she will soon recover.

Charles Lawton, of Great Valley, N. Y., expects to be present at Manhattan Literary Association Levee, and he will be a guest of his friend, Alex. Dezenzoff, in Brooklyn, for a week or more.

A football match was played between the mute boys of the Belleville, Canada, Institution, and the students of the Commercial College. It resulted in a victory for the mutes by a score of two to one.

A scientist asserts that all babies are deaf for sometime after their death. That is mighty lucky for the babies, as they don't hear the miserable gush that is uttered about them, so says an old bachelor.—*Ocego Weekly Blade.*

Alex. Dezenzoff, of Brooklyn, would like to know Mr. Chas. Perego's address in Baltimore. Send to the office to 455 Hudson Ave., Brooklyn. He expects to revisit Baltimore next January.

Edward Leff, of Chicago, visited the "Sunny-side Farm," which belongs to Mr. A. Koffman, of Walden, N. Y. He had a good time sleighing behind a 2.56 trotter. He also went hunting, and killed seven rabbits and thirteen partridges.

J. T. Welsh, who has resided in Ottawa, Canada, for sometime, has returned to Cumberland Mills, Me., where his parents reside. It is about five miles from Portland, where Mr. Welsh once worked with Messrs. Thurston & Co., Printers.

Joseph D. Curtiss has returned to his home at Stillwater, after attending the wedding party given to Mr. A. C. Beigh and bride at Minneapolis, Minn. He is employed at the State prison as a painter, and gets fair wages.

Roger Sullivan, a deaf-mute, who formerly attended the Hartford School, is working in one of the woolen mills of Saco, Me. His mother wants him to go to school, but on account of removing from Manchester, N. H., he loses the privilege unless a new warrant is issued.

Mr. Edwin Rockwell and Miss Nellie Heywood, formerly of Lewes, Del., were married on the 14th of November. Among the mutes present were Miss Mollie Rockwell, sister of the groom, Patrick Sullivan, of Nassau, Del., and Alex. Dezenzoff, of Brooklyn.

Lars M. Larson, Jno. B. Cotton, Jas. H. Gihney and Wm. McMillan, have become members of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, by paying \$5 each for membership fees. Mrs. M. A. Emery and Miss Grace D. Emery have joined this Association.

Mr. Jno. Roth's little daughter, whose age is nearly five years. Calls the hall wherein the mute circle often meets, Larson Hall, instead of Lower Farewell Hall, in honor of Lars Larson, who has been doing a great deal as the Garfield of the mute people of Chicago, Ill.

It is rumored that Wilbur S. Palmer, of Chateaugay, N. Y., is engaged to be married to a certain lady, by the name of Miss Olive M. Nelson, of Bombay, N. Y., on New Year's Day. They will make a handsome couple. Both are graduates of the New York Institution. Mr. Palmer will invite some deaf-mutes in Bangor and Malone to attend his wedding. Wonder if he will give some of his Canadian mute friends a kindly invitation. Success to them.

Mr. Adolph C. Bergh was married to Miss Belle Bailey, at the residence of her parents, at Trimble, Wis., on November 22d. On their return to Minneapolis, Minn., they were given a reception, Friday evening, 24th ult., at the residence of Miss Florence Cole's parents. Twenty deaf-mutes were in attendance, and made them many beautiful presents. The groom is a cooper by trade, and was educated at Faribault, Minn. The bride was educated at Delavan, Wis.

On the night of Friday, Nov. 24th, Office Neighbors arrested a drunken man on the street, and took him to the lock-up. In searching the culprit, a pocket slate was found, and he protested against its surrender on the ground that it was his deaf and dumb slate. He was, however, overruled, and was taken to the cell, while roundly damning the Dutch. The idea occurred to Capt. Betz that he was an impostor when sober, and early in the morning, after the prisoner had slept off his stupor, he brought him to the office from the cell in order to interrogate him. It was no use, however, as the fellow at that time was perfectly deaf and dumb. He, however, took his slate and wrote the words "Albert Mueller" on it. Capt. Betz soundly berated him and threatened him, but all to no purpose; he could not hear nor speak. Other officers coming, efforts were made to induce him to speak, but all were in vain. He was then remanded to his cell with the sentence that he would have to ask for his breakfast before he would be furnished with it. At the usual time in the morning, Marshal Williams put in his appearance at the station, and it was not long before the mute appealed to him in good English to be turned out of prison. The Marshal concluded to punish him as much as possible, and kept him in the lock-up the remainder of the day. The fellow is a good actor in his line, and would doubtless succeed in imposing himself off as a mute, if he could curb his appetite for drinking. His slate was taken for remembrance's sake.—*Bellefonte, Ill. Advocate.*

Crystal Wedding.

Capt. U. M. Krane and wife, at their residence on Belmont avenue, gave an anniversary of their fifteenth wedding to a company of invited friends. Dancing, vocal and instrumental music and recitations by Miss Adeline O'Hara, of Chicago, made the evening one of unalloyed pleasure. Among the beautiful presents were: Set fruit plates and comfort by W. A. Davis; cut glass vinegar cruets, Mrs. Waterbury and Mrs. Underwood, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; one pitcher from Miss King, Kalamazoo; one jelly dish, Frank Kraus, Kalamazoo; celery dish, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Dezenzoff, Kalamazoo; cut glass water pitcher, O. B. Corsett, Kalamazoo; one syrup dish, Mrs. Bohm, Kalamazoo; cut glass water service, Smith and Hansbrough; blurring parlor lamp, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stone; stand lamp, C. E. Burrell. The refreshments were elegant and the entire company wish many happy returns of their wedding day to the brilliant Captain and his estimable wife.—*Grand Forks (Dakota) Daily News.*

J. O'Neill, of Lowell, Mass., has got a permanent job in Providence, R. I.

Miss Lizzie Noble, of New York City, was at St. Ann's last Sunday.

Mr. Alden F. Ongood spent Thanksgiving Day with Mr. S. S. Cross and parents at Beverly, Mass.

Mrs. P. Bowdish would like to know the address of Mr. Marsh's youngest daughter, and her married name.

Vital Rascoff, of Minnesota, would like the address of his classmate, Philip Tobin, through the JOURNAL.

On December 14th, S. M. Brown will lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association on "Harold the Great and his family."

John F. O'Brien, Chairman Committee of Arrangements, reports an immense sale of the Catholic Literary Union Reception tickets.

It is estimated that there are about three thousand deaf-mutes in New York City and vicinity, of whom three-fourths are of school age.

W. Pedigree, formerly of South Carolina, but lately of Fall River, Mass., is working in a mill in Pawtucket, R. I., and gets forty cents a pair.

A correspondent says:—"I want to know something about the Garfield fund. Nothing has been said about it for three or four months. What's the matter?"

Alex. L. Pach spent his Thanksgiving at his parents' home in New Jersey. Wrestling with a turkey, and sleighing-riding were his principal amusements.

Wm. H. Green writes that he will not hold a Levee in Worcester, Mass., this year, but he thinks he will hold one on January 1st, 1884, if nothing happens.

"Imperator" would like to know whether "Tory" and "Sammy" will participate in the grand levee of the Clero Literary Association, December 28th.

"Imperator" would like exceedingly to know how Mr. and Mrs. William Reighart, of Bradock, who are out in the Hoosier State, are getting along.

Fred H. Stover went to Camden to visit his relatives during Thanksgiving week, and had a pleasant chat with Mr. and Mrs. B. H. B. Alden. He still works in Belfast.

Wm. H. Green writes:—"My address is No. 59 Grove St., Worcester, Mass. The Postmaster complained to me of it, because there are three persons by that name in Worcester."

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes' friend would like to have them to write through the JOURNAL about their marriage reception and wedding tour. Hope they will live happily for years.

A railroad accident delayed the trains running into Norwich, Ct., for over twelve hours, and prevented the holding of services for deaf-mutes on December 1st. D. H. Brophy was at the church, and met Fred Walker, who is a printer by trade.

Mr. R. D. Livingston, of Denver, Col., has been in Boston for several weeks, since his return from Canada, but he is now in New Haven, Conn., a guest of his chum, who is a wholesale tea-merchant.

C. Aug. Brown and family accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Jellison to partake of a Thanksgiving dinner, to which they did full justice. They spent the evening pleasantly, in story telling, games, etc.

Mrs. Geo. J. Barrucker, of Worcester, Mass., has been confined to bed for several weeks with malarial fever, but is now a little better. She and her husband are graduates from the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

J. E. Livingstone is going to enter the lumber business on an extensive scale in the Eastern part of New York State, with his brother in the Spring. His capacities in carpenter and lumber business are quite remarkable.

A friend of R. D. Livingstone, pronounces the statement in the recent issue of the JOURNAL, concerning Mr. R. D. Livingstone's sojourn in New Hampshire, without making a visit to his aged father, not only untrue, but silly, absurd and ridiculous.

Miss Babetta Mayer, a deaf-mute of Evansville, Ind., is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. Godshaw, of Rockport, Ind., and will remain there over the holidays. There are no mutes there but she enjoys herself splendidly among the hearing young ladies and gentlemen.

In response to "Defense," "Frankie" is willing to let him know that he will in all probability make a "bee line" for the "Quaker City" in time to take part in the Clero Literary Association Levee, and then to enliven his beloved alma mater with a friendly visit during the Christmas holidays, provided that nothing unforeseen will interfere with him. "Frankie" wishes the Clero Literary Association Committee every success, and with the hope that there will be quite a goodly turn out of all silent participants, who will enjoy a gala time.

Rev. Job Turner is presenting his mission work in Kentucky. On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 3d, he conducted chapel services in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Danville, Ky. He would have made his appointment in Lexington on that day, but as the rector could not make the arrangement and wanted a long notice, though he had been notified a little over two weeks before, the services had to be postponed until Sunday night, December 17th, so he started immediately for Danville, without the knowledge of Supt. Dudley and his assistant. He was, however, warmly welcome at the Institution. He got off on Monday on his missionary journey. Mr. Schoolfield, one of the deaf-mute teachers, a few days ago, met with a narrow escape from death by the explosion of his gun while hunting game. Mr. Yeager is now keeping bachelor's hall, his wife and little child being absent at home but they will join him at the Institution in a few days.

Returned to Her Home.

Miss Sarah Nellie Hawley, who went in company with J. M. T. Davis' party selling alphabet cards as far as New York City a few weeks ago, has returned to her home in Amherst, Mass. Before her departure from Springfield, she was advised by several mutes and her friends that it was not safe for her to go with the Davis party, but she did not take heed to it and said that she could take care of herself. She became friendly to Mrs. Morse, Alice Brown, so she wished to go with Mrs. Morse selling cards, but Davis did not wish her to accompany them. Finally Mrs. Morse and his wife persuaded him to let her go. While in the New York City, she was informed about the bad reputation of Davis and Mrs. Morse. She immediately left them, and went all the way to Springfield with the assistance of the street and railway conductors. Being unable to get back her old position in the shop, she was compelled to go to her home.

DETROIT.

Starlight Club.

MISCELLANY.

A second meeting of the mutes here for the purpose of organizing a club, was held at the residence of Marcus H. Kerr on the 29th ult., and was attended by all the members, except one, who had signified their willingness to be enrolled at a previous meeting. At the preliminary meeting, held at Jos. Kolhoff's house on the 21st ult., the first steps were taken toward organization, but everything was not complete yet, when the second meeting put the final touch to the ball and sent it rolling. It is still rolling, and with prospects of a successful career in the future. Every body paid his dues cheerfully, and agreed to abide by the rules of the club, which they passed, which can not be said to lack the good judgment and excellent display of taste which have marked the success of other deaf-mute clubs.

Everybody conversed in the sentiment that every city in the Union, where there are any deaf-mutes, ought to have a club, a society, union or lyceum, or anything where the advancement of the deaf-mutes in general, moral, mental, physical and social nature can be guaranteed.

Though we feel ashamed that we should not have had any such organizations before, we can not but congratulate ourselves that we have one at last—at last! And ere long we hope to vie with other existing clubs in general matters—socially and otherwise.

We hope that the "Starlight Club"—we almost forgot to say that—was decided upon as the name of our club—will prosper, so that eventually it might become a society or union. Debating will be indulged in by the members of the club at their next meeting.

The JOURNAL of last week seemed haunted with the villainies of J. M. T. Davis. It is no surprise to us.

We had some experience with them last winter. Miss Morse, one of his companions, once dropped into the office where your correspondent and another mute were working. She was much surprised as we were at each other. Having had no experience in the mysteries of peddling at that time, we were easily induced to believe in that ever heart-touching tale, "Parents dead; no work; have to take to peddling to keep from starvation." Miss Morse's appearances were hypocritically sorrowful, and from head to foot in black, indicated that one part of her story was true. Well, we were touched somehow, but can't say whether from pity or from the idea of presenting them to two ladies who were in the office at the time, and chipped in the dimes and the ladies got the cards. We didn't think much of it at the time, until another mute, an engraver, who worked in the same building, but in another office, came and let us know who she was. We had thus unconsciously aided a pack of scoundrels, whose resting place ought to be in Sing Sing, if nowhere else. But next time they come, they will find an earthquake under their feet. We will abide by our promise made in the JOURNAL some time ago of exposing them. We believe there is a law against peddling here, and they will have to take the chances of limbo or stay away from here.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. John Ansbro, of Flint, talks of coming to Detroit Christmas.

Mr. Seitz, of Bay City, Mich., was seen in town Thanksgiving. Detroit turkey flavor must have attracted him with the many.

Geo. Melnotte Grummond, who had been absent from the city for some time and returned about two or three weeks ago, got married Thanksgiving day, and two days later got run over by a milk cart, furiously driven, and was somewhat badly bruised.

Preston Perry's mother has been ill for some time past.

"Fanwood," through the JOURNAL wants to know how Miss Effie Hitchcock is getting along. Well, as far as we know, she is at home and learning drawing, etc.

Mr. William Briel "tripped the light fantastic toe" into the "wee sma' hours, Thanksgiving evening, at a silver wedding celebration. He had a glorious time.

El. L. Van Damme attended a wedding reception Thanksgiving evening. Guess he was "too full for utterances" the next day.

Thanksgiving was celebrated in the usual manner by the mutes here. Nearly all were given leave for the day, and they seemed to have made the best of their time. It is evident that the thought of the roast turkey occupied most of their attention.

James Sullivan had his overcoat stolen Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. John Borden, of Jackson, Mich., expects to visit Detroit by Christmas.

Mr. Elijah Robinson, of Detroit, a pupil at the Flint Institute, devoured his Thanksgiving turkey at home.

Miss Maggie Connelly, of Windsor, Ont., half a mile from Detroit, is visiting friends in Buffalo.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Harry Zimmerman, of Flint, who has been confined to bed nearly a year, is convalescing.

Mr. Wm. Ellison, of Ionia, Mich.,

owns 80 acres of land in that town. He don't seem to be fully satisfied yet. He wants a good helpmate to boot.

Mrs. W. A. Ranspach's baby was very sick last week.

Mrs. Phillips, (nee Orleans,) is in Detroit, looking for work. She is alone now, her husband having deserted her.

DOT AND DAT & CO.

Baltimore News.

DEAR JOURNAL:—On Tuesday evening, Nov. 22d, Mr. Joseph H. Linton of Baltimore, standing in the crowd of people in Lexington street while witnessing the laying of the corner stone of the new post office, was robbed of his gold watch, worth \$115, by some pick-pocket, but fortunately had his gold chain left with him and attached to his vest. When he found out his watch was gone, he instantly went and explained to the detectives about it, so the information was written on their books in regard to his address, but there has been no one arrested yet.

On Thursday evening, November 8th, we formed an Oriole Society, for the pleasure of Miss Ella E. Perego's company, and we had a nice time in meeting the mutes at her residence, enjoyed ourselves in chatting, making jokes, and playing various games until 12 o'clock, when the company departed for home.

Some four young mute ladies and three gentlemen, of this city, are going to attend the Grand Levee in Philadelphia on the 27th of this month.

The writer, after his arrival here from a visit to Philadelphia during the bi-centennial week, has secured a situation at Mr. Wabzl's National Photographic Emporium, the leading establishment in Baltimore.

Several mutes, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are expected to be in this city on a pleasant visit before Christmas.

CHAS. J. PEREGOY.

GREATEST ATTRACTION OF THE SEASON

SECOND GRAND LEVEE OF THE

Manhattan Literary Association,

AT LYRIC HALL,

ENTRANCE, 723 6TH AVENUE,

BET. 41ST & 42D STREETS,

NEW YORK CITY.

Wednesday Evening, December 27th, 1882.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

The Levee will be the grandest affair known in our community.

The Manhattan Literary Association has come to great expense to make it highly attractive and enjoyable to its guests, and to sufficiently repay those coming from out of the city.

For the entertainment of hearing friends, a first class band—Drum-Major Geo. W. Hill's Orchestra, of the Ninth Regiment—has been engaged.

With a programme to suit every body, we are confident that none will regret having attended. Come one! Come all!

Tickets admitting gentleman and ladies \$1.

Tickets can be had of the Committee, and at the JOURNAL office.

THOS. A. FROELICH, Chairman. } Committee.
S. M. BROWN, }
JOHN HOGAN. }

THE FOURTH GRAND ANNUAL LEVEE AND MASQUERADE,

By the Deaf-Mutes of Boston and Vicinity,

AT Horticultural Hall,

MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 1ST, 1883.

The Grandest Event of the Season to be a

Masquerade Party,

participated in by all the mutes of New England.

Twenty-five Dollars (\$25) worth of Prizes Given Away, as follows:

For the most beautiful costume, and the funniest.

For the best rendering in signs of the Twenty-third Psalm—"The Lord is my Shepherd."

For the Dumb Band—two prizes.

For the Game with Chairs.

For prices and other information send for circular, with stamp.

GEO. A. HOLMES,

MANAGER. Registry of Deeds.

COLUMBUS.

THANKSGIVING CHEER.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

Distinguished Visitors.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The first snow storm of the winter for this vicinity began in a sober earnest early on Sunday morning, November, 26th, falling in thick flakes. It whitened the ground to the depth of two inches, but did not remain long, being succeeded by spells of drizzling rain, much to the disappointment of our girls and chagrined of the boys, who were looking for some rich sport from its very welcome advent. The following Tuesday, however, brought another snow-storm which raged all the afternoon and evening. Happily it had come to stay a while. Sleds that had lain away so long were sprung out, and sleighs thickened upon the streets, with jingling bells which seemed to herald the joyous coming of gay times for the winter.

The most marked feature of our Thanksgiving week has been the unusual excellence of the health of the Institution. It was a very great blessing, indeed, for which we trust one and all have made the fullest acknowledgment with thanks from their inmost hearts.

The chapel of our Institution was overflowing on Thanksgiving evening in anticipation of a rare treat from the magic entertainment which was to be given. Our pen could never do full justice to the character that marked its magnificent success. Every figure cut sharply in the shadow, every position sifted accurately and clearly, and all the action and signs were rendered in the most expressive manner. That we greatly enjoyed the treat and highly appreciated the entertainment but poorly express, it as when it was all over, praise after praise was in every mouth and upon more than five thousand fingers. How Thanksgiving day was observed at this Institution in a general way, we clip the following from the *Journal* of December 1st:

"At the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Thanksgiving day passed off in fine style. The scholars assembled in the chapel at ten o'clock in their Sunday clothes for a short service, conducted by Mr. R. H. Atwood, followed by the Superintendent, who made a brief address on the appropriate text, 'In everything give thanks.' Promptly at one o'clock they filed into the dining room, and soon succeeded in disposing of seventy-six turkeys, with the appropriate additions and supplements in the way of vegetables, jellies and pie. The afternoon was mainly given to settling the dinner. Supper time found most of them ready for another supply, to which they did full justice, notwithstanding the sumptuous repast of the midday. The evening entertainment, designed expressly for the amusement of the pupils, consisted of 'Magic Shadows,' representing various scenes connected with the Governor's proclamation, announcing the annual 'war on Turkey,' and closing with a long file of sleepy ones bidding the crowd 'Good night.' Many ludicrous and comical scenes contributed largely to the entertainment of the pupils, and the managers, Messrs. McGregor and Schory, of the teachers, and Mr. Scott, the foreman of the printing office, deserve great credit for their laborious and successful efforts to please their deaf-mute friends. It was voted unanimously that this was the best exhibition of the kind ever given at the Institution. Of the 432 pupils, all but one were in the dining room ready for their ratons. The absentee is suffering from a slight attack of pneumonia, so that the report about measles is without foundation."

Columbus boasts of the possession of eighteen miles of horse railroad. Further news from the Asylum of imbecile youth, in this city, report two more deaths, making six in all, and several new cases. The doctors there are fighting it hard. A little boy of Widow Sarah Hills, of Cincinnati, O., we regret to learn, is being threatened with a severe attack of scarlet fever. Mrs. Geo. Van Doren, of Franklin, O., has presented her husband with a fine little daughter. Miss Emma Robinson, at last accounts, was still in Springfield, O., with Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge on a visit. Dr. Gladden, of Springfield, Mass., writes to the Congregational Church here that unless Providence forbid, he will be in Columbus about the middle of December.

Master Lawrence T. Vance, only son of Mr. J. H. and Ada J. Vance, who formerly lived in Newport, Ky., but are residents of Cincinnati, O., joined, about two years ago, a band of little boys, for the purpose of upholding the cause of Temperance. They are under the direction and guidance of Miss Fannie Tarrant, of Newport, who, through her indefatigable zeal and energy in the glorious cause, has

swelled the number, which at first consisted of ten, to a membership of upwards of eighty or ninety little boys, and they are at present known throughout the town as the "Boys' Temperance Union Association." Master Lawrence took part in an entertainment last week given under the auspices of the club, which consisted of a drill exercise, and he acquitted himself with so much promptness and accuracy under his Captain's orders that he was pronounced by the entire audience as the best in the company.

The "Dutch Measles" have disappeared entirely from the Institution. The teachers were all respected and left unmolested; but not so with the officers, one of them, a lady, was rudely attacked with them for a day or two.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, of Newport, Ky., are congratulating them on the appearance of another little one to their hearth circle. Dr. Scott, Chairman of the Legislature Committee on this Institution, has been in the city several days, attending as a witness in a bribery case before the court, that had its origin in an attempt to improperly influence certain members of the legislature during its session of last winter.

Miss Margaret Morin, of Cincinnati, O., (familiarily called "Aunt Maggie") started on her way, recently, to her old home in Flagg Spring, Ky., to spend a couple of weeks with her folks there.

Wednesday, November 29th, was a day they thought much after the turkey. Thursday they saw and ate of it. Friday they remembered about it; but on Saturday and thereafter scarcely any mention was made. Indeed, it is numbered among things of the past. Such is life as to things, and very often so, as to persons.

The other day, on High street, in this city, a stupendously big furniture wagon collided with a horse car, knocking the latter off its track. The occupants of the car were a gentleman stranger and a lady teacher of this Institution. The only complaint Miss R—made was that she received too good a shake for comfort or sedateness.

John Hahn, Class of '80, and whose coming to Columbus had been foretold in a back number of the *JOURNAL*, appeared at the Institution on Thanksgiving morning and received a welcome from his friends. We had heard of Cincinnati as an unhealthy place, full of coal smoke, and water unfit to drink; but as Mr. Hahn walked, a manly, handsome-looking fellow, it seemed impossible to believe all the stories told against the Queen City. He left at 11:50 o'clock for home Friday night last.

Mrs. Thomas F. Dwyer, wife of the deaf-mute policeman at Cleveland, O., spent a day at the Institution. She was Miss Ransom, and belonged to the class of 1859.

In the fountain of our conservatory, gold fish to the number of nine have died from some unknown cause. The death of three of them occurred on Saturday last.

Luther Greer, who gathered up his books and bade his teacher good bye, on Saturday morning, to go home on account of poor health, returned on Monday morning, saying his desire to stay and learn was stronger than his wish to be homebound, and that his health had wonderfully improved. Of course his teacher received him back gladly.

A wedding ceremony took place in this city on Thanksgiving evening, at eight o'clock. The contracting parties were Mr. Gustave Conold and Miss Lizzie Aller, both of class of '82. Four pupils from this Institution went to the residence of the bride, and acted as groomsmen and bridesmaids, viz., Messrs. Crowley and Minego, Misses Ek and Harris. The officiating clergyman was Rev. A. G. Byers, father of our Annie M. Byers, assisted by Prof. Robert Patterson. Mr. and Mrs. Conold will live in Dalton, O., with the parents of the groom until next spring, when they expect to keep house by themselves. May this union of two happy lives last as pleasantly as it has begun; its strength always rise equal to all adverse occasions or circumstances, and the years of their life ever be an honor to their Alma mater, and to the community of which they form a part—useful as well as ornamental.

Prof. Wood, of the Cincinnati Day School for Deaf-Mutes, spent Thanksgiving Day with friends here. Before he returned on Monday, December 4th, he was dined, supped and breakfasted every day to his heart's content, by several teachers of this Institution.

Congressman-elect, J. W. McCormick and wife (nee Sarah Miles) honored the Institution with their presence on Thanksgiving afternoon, took tea and were present at the magic entertainment given in the chapel in the evening. Mrs. McCormick was formerly assistant matron here during Dr. G. O. Fay's superintendence. Hon. Mr. McCormick is a pleasant, benevolent-looking gentleman, one in whom we dare say, the Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., will find a staunch friend, to say nothing of the motherly love for our class in his wife, esteemed and beloved by all mutes who have fortunately known her, and which will prove to be a "power behind the throne."

Mrs. Collins Sawhill started on her return home to Bradford, Pa., last Saturday.

The evening after Thanksgiving, in the "A" and "B" study room, between the hour of seven and eight, we counted two or three dozen heads resting heavily on the long narrow desks. Those were our tired little boys; only

yesterday they got hold of the fat turkey; and now the turkey, what was not left of it, had got them fast asleep in the arms of Morpheus.

Prof. C. N. Haskins has reached the high and responsible distinction of a father. His wife presented him, last Friday, with a beautiful little daughter.

We regret to hear that the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson has been ill with pneumonia.

A telegram sent to Miss Louisa K. Thompson, while at Hartford, Conn., and happily spending an evening with the family of Dr. G. O. Fay, summoned her to the bedside of her dying father. She started the same night for her home in Peninsula, Summit County, O., and reached there the next night—but alas, too late to see him before he died. Only twenty minutes would have lessened the depth of her mourning. We can sympathize with her in her bereavement and sorrow. It is thought that Miss T. will not resume the tour, but will come right back here very soon.

No. 82 Lexington Avenue residence having been sold, Mrs. D. C. Perry boards with friends on Hamilton Avenue, until she completes arrangements to go away.

Disagreeable weather was king, and splashing mud queen, here all day last Saturday, making everything seem dishvelled, and everybody look dished.

Life is beginning to develop in the new brick shop—that is, it is being occupied.

Miss Frances G. Camp passed last Saturday and Sabbath among friends in Newark, O. Mrs. Atwood took charge of Miss C.'s Sunday school class. The regular teacher returned before Monday.

Mrs. Hayes, wife of Ex-President Hayes, was in the chapel of our Institution on last Saturday morning, and received quite an ovation from the children. They had heard so much of her and her kind remembrances of this Institution, even in her most prosperous days. Once she sent rare flowers from Washington, D. C., for our conservatory. We have a vivid recollection how she looked when she was Mrs. Gov. Hayes. Years have wrought a great change in her looks and general appearance. But her ladylike, winsome manners, that used to captivate our admiration, have lost none of their charms. Mrs. Hayes still retains an unchanged warm interest in our class of people. Perhaps it is but natural, as she has a deaf and dumb niece, a daughter of General Mitchell, of this city.

NUMBER TWENTY.

Grand Entertainment at the Indiana Institution.

For weeks, preparations have been going on under the management of Mr. A. Jutt and Mrs. Wm. Corwin, assisted by the teachers residing at the Institution. Saturday evening, November 25th, the result of our labors, consisting of plays, charades, recitations and tableaux, was displayed to a large crowd from the city, aside from the pupils and officers. Below we give a programme:

ACT I.—"Cinderella."

Scene 1.—"Cinderella's sisters dressing for the ball. Scene 2.—Cinderella and the Fairy. Scene 3.—Cinderella's appearance at the ball. Scene 4.—The Prince's search for his bride. Scene 5.—The Prince and Cinderella. Scene 6.—The Prince and Cinderella. Scene 7.—The Prince and Cinderella. Scene 8.—The Prince and Cinderella. Scene 9.—The Prince and Cinderella. Scene 10.—The Prince and Cinderella.

ACT II.—"Dancing Lesson." (Tableau).

ACT III.—"Faith, Bible and God." (Tableau).

ACT IV.—"Gipsy Fortune Teller." (Scene 1.—Fortune teller. Scene 2.—The Gipsy Camp. Scene 3.—The Gipsy Camp. Scene 4.—The Gipsy Camp. Scene 5.—The Gipsy Camp. Scene 6.—The Gipsy Camp. Scene 7.—The Gipsy Camp. Scene 8.—The Gipsy Camp. Scene 9.—The Gipsy Camp. Scene 10.—The Gipsy Camp.

ACT V.—"Killing two birds with one stone." (Tableau).

ACT VI.—"Curfew must not Ring To-night." (Tableau).

ACT VII.—"Charade—May Queen." (Three Scenes).

ACT VIII.—"Humpty Dumpty." (Six scenes).

ACT IX.—"Saying Grace." (Tableau).

ACT X.—"Voices of the Year." (Recitation and Tableau).

ACT XI.—"Our Forefathers." (Tableau).

ACT XII.—"The Magic Mirror." (Tableau).

Good night—Tableau of all the actors.

"Cinderella" was the principal play of the evening. Miss Mandie Moore played her part as "Cinderella" remarkably, as also did the "Prince," Charlie Pence, and Misses Teague and Nevess, as the "hateful sisters."

Mrs. Bierhaus and Monsieur Gregory did well in the "Dancing Lesson."

"Faith, Bible and God," was a beautiful tableau of four young ladies dressed in pure white, to represent statuary. These same young ladies recited "The Voices of the Year," and represented the four seasons. Miss Ida Kinsley, in gauzy verdure and flowers, was Spring; Miss Sallie Briant, in pink and white, represented Summer; Miss Ida Jack, in robed in the glories of autumn, signified Fall; Miss Minnie Thompson, clad in soft, warm colors, warned us of the approach of Winter. They deserve much credit for their recitation, which was "too utterly too."

"The Gipsy Fortune Teller" was another conspicuous play of the evening, in which "Mignon" and Miss Bella Lowe played a prominent part, Miss Lowe being the "Fortune Teller." "Mignon," coming across the "Gipsy camp" while out picnicking, had her fortune told in regular Gipsy style, which ended in high tragedy.

The charades of "May Queen" were lovely tableaux of children. One tableau represented "Queen Elizabeth" crossing the mind on a cloak.

"Newcomer" recited "Curfew" almost equal to Alice Holmes, of "My Michigan."

"Humpty Dumpty" is what most amused the children, and Mr. Jutt and Mr. Corwin acted their parts splendidly.

"Saying Grace," and "Killing Two Birds with one Stone" and "Our Forefathers" were very pretty tableaux, thanks to "Mignon."

Taken as a whole, it was a very

goon entertainment, and all feel well repaid for past efforts.

Neglected duties, such as reading, writing and sewing, out of school, may again be taken up with a sigh of perfect relief.

Very truly yours,
JUANITA.

INDIANA INST., 11-18-'82.

CHICAGO.

On Wednesday evening, October 18th, there was a grand sociable of forty mutes held in the Literary Room of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association Building. As soon as the meeting was called to order, Mr. E. Hunter was chosen temporary chairman. Mr. L. Larson and others spoke upon the importance of forming an organization, and of procuring lecturers to address the mute congregations.

Mr. L. M. Larson was chosen committee to wait upon the General Secretary of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, and to ascertain if a room in its building could be secured for the mutes to meet in once or twice in each month. Mr. Larson was elected regular lecturer, who was to make an address once in each month. After the meeting was adjourned, an hour was spent in social conversation.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 1st, a meeting of the educated mutes numbering about seventy, was held in the Lecture Room named Lower Farwell Hall, to listen to a lecture by Mr. Larson upon the subject of "Ancient and Modern Inventions and their Usefulness to the world."

After his lecture, Mr. Larson said that the Lower Farwell Hall could now be used for the mutes to meet in on the first and third Wednesdays in each month, and suggested that a committee be chosen to have general supervision of all the meetings, and of all the work to promote interest in the usefulness of all the deaf and dumb people in the city of Chicago.

The organization will be known as the *Chicago Mute Circle*, to be governed by a managing committee. Messrs. Jno. R. Cotton, Lars M. Larson, J. H. Gibney, J. E. Gallagher and Frank F. Andrews were appointed said committee for a term of six months from November 1st. The committee held a meeting at which Mr. Cotton was elected permanent Chairman; Mr. Larson, Secretary and Mr. J. Gibney, Treasurer.

The Mute Circle has now decided to have a grand levee on January 1st, 1883. A committee to make arrangements for the Levee, consists of Lars M. Larson, Chairman; Chester C. Codman, Secretary; F. F. Andrews, Treasurer; J. H. Gibney, John Heinlein, Wm. Gibney and John Roth.

On the evening of the 15th inst., the Circle met in Lower Farwell Hall to listen to a lecture on the subject of "The Causes of Failures, and Essentials of Success," by Mr. E. G. Valentine, now a lawyer of this city, who was the first teacher of Lars Larson at the Wisconsin Institute. It was very interesting, and full of important advisory remarks to the mutes.

Our regular lecturer, Lars Larson, will speak on his subject of "Thinking," to the Circle on December 6th. Supt. Jno. Swiler, of the Wisconsin State School, Prof. A. P. Emory, of this city, and Edmund Booth, Esq., of Iowa, have been invited to speak this winter.

The Wisconsin Times will please copy.
Buzz.
CHICAGO, ILL., November 27, 1882.

The German Mutes in Town.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Several mutes from the fatherland want to give to the world a sign of life from their shortly launched organization; well, they will not be denied the enjoyment to see their names printed black on white, for there is in your worthy paper plenty of room for all who have the honor to be mute and deaf.

In an interview held with Mr. Gustave Fersenheim, he admitted the accuracy of an item published in your paper a few weeks ago, that he was once a poor peddler, and asked Rev. Thomas Gallaudet for assistance to get a situation in the post-office; further, he said that he proved to be ever thankful to Rev. Thomas Gallaudet for his kind help, by holding his place through thick and thin for thirteen years. Many mutes, once provided with situations gave them up, imagining better and finer situations to be in store for themselves. No wonder that Rev. Thomas Gallaudet's patience was hard tried by those individuals.

On November 5th, there was a lovely gathering of German mutes, at a fine restaurant near the Williamsburgh Ferry. Mr. Leopold Loewenstein made an eloquent speech, numbering the noble deeds of Mr. Fersenheim and congratulating him on being one of the most successful of foreign mutes for having held for long years a most lucrative office, Messrs. Kaerth, Heinzman and Green, made short speeches in the same strain.

Then Mr. Loewenstein handed him a beautiful cane set with a heavy silver handle, and said that his old and young friends desired to honor him on account of his shortly passed silver wedding.

Amidst much applause, Mr. Fersenheim answered that he will never forget his good friends from the Fatherland.

It is known that the German mutes presented to Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger for their silver wedding a costly and beautiful fruit set through their spokesmen, Mr. Heinzman. The latter, when introduced by Manager Juhning, asked an excuse for his

friends that they could not be present on this festival, but expressed the hope that at a neat and proper time the German mutes, in a body, would tender their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger.

Accordingly, on November 26th, in the evening, the Teuton mutes mustered their forces in the upstairs hall of Mr. Nirmayer, 81 Ave. C. As soon Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger appeared among them, there was a general exchange of hand-shaking, and many mutes spoke their congratulations to Mr. Weinberger in the Teuton tongue.

A fine, hearty lunch, was served to the guests, thirty-five in number. The German mutes refused to allow Mr. Weinberger to pay the expenses of this lunch. The inevitable beer flowed freely, and made the social conversation pleasant. Among those present were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Heinzman, Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Stein, Messrs. Ballin, Zimmerman, Loewenstein, Seelig and others. Mr. Jacques Loew's absence on account of an engagement, was referred to with sorrow. An hour before midnight, in happy mood, all went home, with no homesick feeling for their fatherland.

F. ROTZEL.

Defending His Action.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Harry White seems to have got his back up again, and says he got that item about Wm. Acheson from good authority and that too after the statement had been denied, which shows it did not come from good authority. He insists that Mr. Tillghast had something to do with hiring Wm. Acheson to collect for the Fall River Society. Now I repeat for the especial benefit of that B. A., he had nothing whatever to do with it.

I hired him myself, on my own responsibility, and I most respectfully ask Mr. White: Is it any of his business who collects for the F. R. Society? I can see no more objections to my hiring William Acheson to collect for the Fall River Society, than Mr. White, B. A., himself did, when he hired the same man to collect for the late Fair in Boston, in which Mr. White was so much interested, he being one of the committee which has not yet reported.

Now, what I want to know is just this. If W. A. can be employed by Mr. White to collect for himself and others for a Fair, why can he not be employed to collect for another object?

Will Mr. White, B. A., please inform me in regard to the amount collected and expenses of that Fair, and how it was that just \$50—no more—no less—was left with Frank C. Davis, Treasurer, and what for, and why the committee don't meet and decide what to do with it.

A friend in Boston informs me that the committee, or at least three of the five, are very much dissatisfied with the way the Fair was managed, and I hope for their own credit will fully investigate it and report through the *JOURNAL*, and not let the mutes and a generous public be swindled.

Mr. White, in trying to hit and injure others, only hits and hurts himself. Harry, first pull the beam out of your own eye and then turn thy attention to the beam which is in thy brother's eye.

I employed the same man to collect for our society that H. W. did to collect for the Fair, and if he was not a suitable person, why did Harry White employ him?

Mr. White and Mr. Holmes seem to be the only persons who know exactly how much was collected for the Fair, which looks a little "Bowsey," to say the least.

Gentlemen of the Committee, pursue your investigations. "Your silence seems to imply that you have been bought off."

In closing this epistle, I would fain have a few words with that B. A.

In the first place, where does your spite lie? Is it political or personal?

If you think you can rule all New England, I'll tell you once and for all you are mistaken.

You may be smart, and you may not, but whichever way it is, there are scores of them besides yourself in New England, and they know enough to mind their own business. You 'tend to other folks' affairs and neglect your own, and that is one reason why you ain't President of the New England Gallaudet Association to-day.

I could give other reasons, but there is no necessity, as three-fourths of the New England Gallaudet Association members have had "their eyes opened."

Need I tell you, Harry, you will gain no friends if you persist in following the course you are now pursuing.

Nay! your friends are deserting you on every side; and why? Because you think you know everything that a Bad Axe should know.

Your behavior at Norwich did you more injury in New England's eyes than your whole career at Kendall.

But there's an old saying that, "Convince a fool against his will, and he is of the same opinion still." So I desist.

Once again, I say, Gentlemen of the Committee of the Fair. Investigate. Your reputations are at stake.

Respectfully yours,
FRED SMITH.

FALL RIVER, MASS., Dec. 1.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Appointments.

Beverly, Mass., St. Peter's Church, 10:30 A.M. - Dec. 10th.

Salem, Mass., St. Peter's Church, 4 P.M. - Dec. 10th.

Beverly, New England Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Thanksgiving Holidays.

The Dean's Surprise Party.

MINOR JOTTINGS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

At noon, on Wednesday last, College recitations ceased for the week, and the first series of annual holidays began. They came at a most appropriate season, presenting a favorable opportunity to the students for enjoying the various ceremonies attending the Garfield Fair, which has been in progress at the Capital for the past week. Every day of the fair has witnessed something novel, such as bicycle parades, Knights Templar, drills and military processions, while the fair itself offered inducement for the pleasant employment of spare time in viewing a bazar of taste and workmanship. All this, coming at a time when College work was laid temporarily aside, gave all an opportunity to enjoy themselves at a very slight cost, and the majority of us were not slow in taking advantage of the opportunities afforded.

However, as to the observance of Thanksgiving Day proper, it was somewhat different from that of preceding years. Chapel services were held at nine o'clock A.M., Prof. Porter preaching. He chose for his text the one hundred and thirty-six Psalm, and then began a very interesting sermon on the origin and observance of Thanksgiving Day. He recalled its rise among the early New Englanders; how, in the good old times, it was a day of thanksgiving and family reunion, much as it is at the present day. Coming down to personal recollections, he recounted the grand preparation made for the day, the bringing on of the large pumpkins to be transformed into pies, and the copious quantities of nuts and sparkling cider which added to the good cheer. He also recounted his recollection of having, while at College, tramped homeward afoot the greater part of a day in order to be on hand at the family gathering on a Thanksgiving day.

Upon the conclusion of this sermon, the most enjoyable incident of the day happened, when Professor Ballard, stepping on the front platform,

SURPRISED THE DEAN

of the Faculty by addressing him as follows:

PROF. BALLARD'S ADDRESS.

OUR BELOVED, HONORED FRIEND—Give us an hour, and we will have a forenoon to us. Among the occupations and professions of man, teaching takes high rank, and this distinction is recognized by the community and the State. It is the teacher who departs for the intellectual growth and the future welfare of their children, and to his service the State looks for the rising power and expanding civilization of a nation. It is the teacher who is the parent of education, which is the guardian of the family and the bulwark of the nation.

Fifty years have elapsed since you entered upon the work of instructing the deaf and dumb, and how arduous your labor has been, you know by experience, and those of your profession understand. During those fifty years you have toiled through a well worn, intricate labyrinth of difficulties with patience and perseverance in the way of leading those pupils placed under your instruction to the land of wisdom.

Not content merely following the plans of the system laid down for your work, you have always endeavored to acquaint yourself with the peculiar mental operations of your pupils, and to devise means of imparting to them since Providence in His wisdom removed from them the surest and readiest medium of receiving ideas. It has ever been your aim to make them understand thoroughly every word they have learned in their books, in all its ramifications both the branch and root, and to impress upon their minds the rules of a grammar which knows how to lord it over Kings, and with high hands makes them obey its laws. And with singular success, you have, by a skilled use of your fingers and hands, in, as it were, drawing pictures in the air, elucidated to your pupils the secrets and mysteries of language, as a true artist brings out vividly before the eye the spirit of his conception on his easel.

With the experience of these fifty years of your service, you have many times extended a willing help to those young inexperienced teachers coming to you with a discouraged heart, and with a few clean words of explanation cheered them up on their path of duty. And you have many times showed a fatherlike sympathy towards your pupils in their struggles with their books and smothered the difficulties in their progress. You acts of usefulness and your words of kindness have gone forth with them, engraved on the tablet of their grateful hearts.

To the causes which you this morning commemorated for our thankfulness, may we add one?—We thank God for sparing you to this day, and we hope and pray that you may remain with us many years in the chair of your profession, with an abundant storehouse of knowledge in which you have garnered the grain of science and philosophy to feed the hungry minds of those who may come to you.

We, your friends, offer you something tangible as a token of the sentiments which we desire to convey to you. Our beloved, honored friend, will accept these as a slight testimonial of our appreciation of your value as a teacher and of your worth as a friend and man? In this chair, may you find rest, and on this easel you will delight to show your friends the work of art which your taste has gathered from near and far.

When Professor Ballard began, a surprised expression came over the features of the Dean, who seemed hurt that he should be addressed so publicly without previous notice, but as the speaker called to the Dean's mind the fact of it being the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with deaf-mute instruction, he comprehended that he was being treated to a surprise. A paternal smile covered his venerable features when the presents were placed on the platform and the audience broke out into prolonged applause. The Dean excused himself from making a set speech, but manag-

ed to say a few words of acceptance and smiled his old familiar smile, which made everybody else smile also.

THE PRESENTS

consist of an easy chair of massive mahogany. The design is simple, there being no unnecessary ornamentation about it, and will form a beautiful heirloom. Besides the chair, was an easel about seven feet in height and of modern design. This is also of solid mahogany, the upper portion being ornamented with rich carvings of fruits and flowers, while the picture rest can be moved to any desirable height. Both articles will last a generation, and give genuine pleasure to the happy recipient.

PROF. PORTER'S WORK.

As an instructor of the deaf, he began in the Hartford Asylum in the autumn of 1832, and in 1836 left there to pursue Theological studies. In 1843, he became an instructor in the New York Institution, where he remained till 1846. From New York he again returned to Hartford, and taught at the Asylum for fourteen years from 1846 to 1860. He came to Washington in the autumn of '66, and at present holds the chair of Mental Science and is Dean of the Faculty of the National Deaf-Mute College.

His contributions to deaf-mute literature are pretty extensive, some of which are: "Article on the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, Review of Messrs. Weld and Day's Reports," in the American Review, May, 1846. "Scrofula among the Deaf and Dumb," a paper read at the Second Convention of Instructors, Hartford, 1851; "Course of Instruction," at the Fifth Convention, at Jacksonville. "Use of the Manual Alphabet," read at the Eighth Convention, Belleville, Ont. Besides these, Professor Porter was the editor of the *American Annals* from Volume VII, 1855, to Volume XIII, 1861, when the publication was suspended in consequence of the breaking out of the Civil War.

After the "Surprise Party," dinner was the next object of interest. The attack began at 2:30 P.M. sharp, and though the battle was very long, every one seemed to have come out best in the struggle with turkey. The reunion in the evening wound up the festivities of the day, and its conclusion sent all to bed happy and duly thankful.

Professor Hotchkiss returned from New York this P.M.

There was no foot ball game Wednesday. The Columbians failed to put in an appearance.

The foot ball uniforms are now ready for the teams, and look very well with the blending of various colors.

The Boundary sewer progresses slowly towards the College gate, but it will not reach that point for some time yet.

Some of the Students expect to be present at the forthcoming Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association in New York. It looks as though it will be a big thing.

Messrs. Angell and Chickering, of the Kendall team, attended the Yale-Princeton Match at the Polo Ground, in New York, on Thursday.

President Gallaudet officiates as interpreter at the deaf-mute service, which will be held at the Ascension Church in the city to-morrow afternoon

FAN WOOD.

How Thanksgiving was Observed.

ICICLES OF THE PAST WEEK.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Thursday morning last, the night watchmen experienced very little difficulty in arousing the occupants of the four hundred or so snow-white cots in the dormitories. Probably the tantalizing scent of roast turkey wafted up from the bakery below, had something to do with this remarkable occurrence. At any rate, the usual morning snarls were conspicuous by their absence, which proved that the day opened "thankfully and peacefully."

When the boys and girls filed into the breakfast room, exclamations of surprise and admiration became epidemic. All eyes were glued to an object, or several objects, on two long tables at the head of the apartment. This was a model farm, artistically laid out and appeared to be in a flourishing condition, and also in a high state of civilization. A canal ran through the center, on which were seen boats going up and down loaded with merchandise. A railroad track extended the whole length, and a train of cars, piled high with Thanksgiving cheer, were just starting from the residence of the well-to-do farmer. Communication was established with the outside world by several telegraph wires. A fort, with the stars and stripes floating proudly over it, frowned grimly down at the barn, filled to overflowing with golden grain. The whole scene was covered with snow (flour), which gave it an appropriate Thanksgiving look.

We believe the plan originated in the fertile brain of Supervisor Howell, and is worthy of special commendation.

Deputy Sullivan was chosen to manage the erection of the affair, and as the result demonstrated, performed his duties in a highly satisfactory manner.

Eimer E. Smith devoted his energies and good taste to the laying out of the farm, and made an excellent job of it.

U. G. Dunn erected the canal and vessels. His work showed considerable skill and good judgment.

Charles Schmidt laid the railroad track, etc., in a style that did him credit.

J. B. Lloyd's log house and barn were charming representations of the reality.

To Herman Zorne belongs the credit of making the cars, rails and telegraph poles. Young Zorne is a genius in his way.

Taken all in all, the farm was a decided success, and the originator and those who contributed their skill and labor to the object, are entitled to thanks for their efforts to make the day pass as pleasantly as possible.

Study was in order from half-past nine until half past eleven, when all repaired to the chapel, where Dr. Peet preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the day.

At one o'clock, when the doors of the dining room were thrown open, there was not a more happy crowd of young people in America than our pupils. The tables were laid out with exceedingly good taste, (thanks to Miss Noble Macon of the Culinary Department), and were literally groaning beneath the weight of turkey, mashed potatoes, celery, cranberries, pie, etc. After grace, by Dr. Peet, the pupils fell to with little ceremony. We will draw a veil here, as it is next to impossible to do justice to the scene.

The afternoon was passed in various ways. Many of the boys went to the city, while the heavy fall of snow the day preceding furnished the remainder with an opportunity for coasting.

In the evening, a social reunion was held, and was an enjoyable affair. At half-past eight, all (excepting the high class young ladies, who repaired to the parlors and indulged in various games until ten o'clock) sought their beds, feeling that they had experienced a glorious day indeed.

A FEW THANKS.

Steward Brainerd was confined to his house with a cold during the day. However, he was thankful that it did not prevent him from enjoying his dinner.

Supervisor Howell expressed his thanks by doing full justice to the excellent cookery of the mother of Prof. Mann.

Marie Bennett was thankful for a visit from her father early in the day.

Miss Prudence Lewis thanked her stars that she had a short respite from her overbearing duties, and could discuss turkey at her leisure at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. Carrier.

A few Fanwoodites witnessed the championship sprinting contest between George and Myers at the Polo Grounds in the morning, and some were thankful that George won, and others were thankful that the question of superiority had been decided.

The choir in the chapel during the morning services had an addition to its usual number by several young

ladies from the High Class. They rendered thanks in graceful and expressive pantomime.

Julius Lang dined at the Institution, and rattled off his thanks as he was about starting homeward in the evening.

"Small favors—thankfully received," is what "Chip" said as he commenced on the eighteenth turkey leg. (Pardon his egotism.)

ICICLES.

George Peet, son of the Principal, in company with three cadets from the Poughkeepsie Military Academy, all in cadet gray, visited the Institution last week.

Mrs. Jackson, mother of W. A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., was among our visitors the fore part of last week.

Our new Head Matron, Mrs. Henry, accompanied by Miss Chidsey, visited the Industrial Department for the first time Saturday last.

Mr. Crittenden returned from Hartford Friday, and reports a happy Thanksgiving with old friends.

The mother of Thomas Jamieson, one of our pupils, died on November 24th.

Mr. Dunning, of Goshen, N. Y., Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of Orange County, visited the school December 1st.

Mrs. Fisher, Hamilton, Wells and Bryan, accompanied by Miss Lewis, visited the city Friday last, and went into raptures over the many holiday goods exhibition. The "Doll's Fairyland," in Macy's Fourteenth Street Emporium, came in for the lion's share of attention.

About one hundred pupils spent the interval between Wednesday and Monday at home or with friends.

The boys enjoyed excellent coasting for three or four days last week. The hill leading from the Mansion House to the Institution proper, is just steep enough to make the sport exciting.

Anthony Capelli has been on the sick list for a few days past. He is now chirping as lively as usual.

Owing to the absence of so many of the pupils, there was no debate held Saturday evening last—postponed until December 9th.

Miss Mary Thomas, niece of Dr. Porter, has been visiting here for a week or so.

Dr. Peet's birthday fell on Monday, January 4th. When he entered the chapel to conduct services in the morning, the apartment fairly shook with the stamp of feet. His attention was immediately called to the two following addresses written on the large slates:—

MISS ANNIE BRYAN'S ADDRESS.

DEAR PRINCIPAL:—Again, as of yore, we tender you our warmest congratulations on this new era of your life, and hope that the future which it introduces will meet all your anticipations. Though we have neither gold nor silver to offer you this time, we beg you to believe that though our "heart is little our hearts are great," and their richest treasures yours.

Words are inadequate to express the gratitude we feel towards you for your many acts of kindness to us. We can only say that your memory will ever be cherished by us with sentiments of the deepest reverence, and hope that beautiful land beyond the stars you will receive from Him, who rewardeth the Good, a robe surpassing in splendor purity that which now envelops Nature.

But hoping that you will be allowed to remain with us for many years yet and enjoy the fruits of your labors, we subscribe ourselves, Your Affectionate pupils, THE GIRLS OF FANWOOD.

MR. GEORGE S. PORTER'S ADDRESS.

DEAR PRINCIPAL:—December 4th will always be remembered by the pupils of Fanwood as the natal day of one of their noblest benefactors. It has been customary to give presents to those who are most dear to us on the anniversary of their birth, but entering upon a new departure, we consider that a few lines, expressing our gratitude to you for having labored for our moral and spiritual welfare, and congratulating you upon entering another year of your precious life, will be as much appreciated as the most costly present money can buy. Your hair may become gray, your eyes grow dim with the course of numbered years, but the love and gratitude which you have instilled into our hearts can never fade away.

We cannot express all of our sentiments in glowing words for all the good you have done for us, but we can show our gratitude by submitting to the rules of the Institution, and by doing our best to improve the opportunities afforded us.

Hoping you may live to be congratulated, as we congratulate you now, by several generations of pupils to come, we are, Very truly yours, BOYS OF FANWOOD.

Dr. Peet then made a few remarks expressive of his pleasures at being thus remembered, and hoped at next anniversary of his birthday to see all of the pupils much further advanced in knowledge than at present.

Andrew Salmond, who lives about a mile from Dunkirk, N. Y., writes to his friend George T. Fisher, that he will visit him and his sister Bella, in company with his brother, on January 5th, 1883. Andrew was at one time connected with the Rochester School.

Prof. Gamage visited Sea Cliff, L. I., Saturday last.

Francis Croken was at St. Ann's Church Sunday last. We understand he has left the comforts and advantages of our school for the uncertain life of a "blacksmith," having obtained a position in a down town printing office, while on a visit to friends a couple of weeks ago.

We learn that Alfred Emmons is at present engaged on a large portrait of the late Shepherd E. Knapp, Jr.

Walter Bingham came up Monday, and presented to the printing office some specimens of tobacco plant raised by George Clontz, a deaf-mute of North Carolina. Walter says Mr. Clontz cleared \$800 from two acres of land this season.

The revival of the Sunday laws, which have for so long a time been disregarded in this city, was not looked upon with much favor by the officers of the Institution Sunday morning, when the morning papers were not delivered. However, at noon the newshy made his rounds, and the discomforts of the morning were forgotten. Hereafter, the pa-

pers will be delivered as formerly, in the early morning.

John Lloyd, Jr., called on Miss Clara Brady, a Harlem mute, while at home last week.

Theodore Lonsbury procured employment in a job office in the city while at home last week. Monday he returned to school to remove part of his clothing, etc., saying he would return no more.

Pach Brothers, Photographers, who have done considerable business in their line for the officers and pupils of the Institution, desire to have all the officers and teachers photographed separately, with the object in view of retaining a copy of each, and then having them framed in one large frame which will be presented to the Institution. They offer a very liberal discount, and as they do first class work, those connected with the Institution desiring photos would find it to their advantage to patronize them.

CHIP.

Echoes From Missouri.

Our people are pleased to know that the mutes of Chicago have at last organized a society for their own benefit. They extend to the new society a boatload of good wishes, trusting that it may always be prosperous. Well, it is good enough, but, hear us, in our opinion, it can not "down" the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Social Club. No "contribution box" or "Subscription" in ours.

It is said that one of the grandest and most beautiful gymnastic performances ever witnessed in St. Louis took place in the back-yard of Jacob Merrell, the City Treasurer, a few days ago. His friends rushed to his mute son, Ashabel, to prevent his doing himself personal injury, and demanded an explanation. As soon as he could recover his breath, he said, "It is a horse; my father has presented me with him; O, ain't I glad?" and away he went to the joy of his friends.

The Day School under the direction of Mr. D. A. Simpson, is booming as of yore. There are forty-five pupils in attendance at the present time. Simpson has fully demonstrated his superior qualities as a teacher in his School of forty-five pupils, having a class at English language, geography, history, and also a class under the supervision of Miss Emma Macy, who, by the way, is crowned with experience, youth and beauty, at arithmetic, and odds, that progress so rapidly. What other day school can boast of this? With such teachers our day schools would be raised to a standard approximating perfection.

Miss Mattie Campbell entertained in the most elegant style over fourteen mutes at her father's house, the other evening. It was denominated a "Dove Party," and from what we can learn, it was composed of a merry set of "doves."

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Guss have rented a handsome residence and gone housekeeping. Mrs. Guss is perhaps better known as Miss Delia Cannon, but maybe we will soon get used to saying Mrs. Guss.

"What is there in the vale of life. Half so delightful as a wife, When friendship, love and peace combine To stamp the marriage bond divine"

A few of those mutes who attended the late fair, returned home with sad faces and light purses. They say it does not pay to bet on horses, etc., as long as the hotels charge dear rates during the fair week. It cost Jonathan Greeley, of Kansas City, fifteen dollars for three days' board.

While a mute lady named Sallie Kiely, of St. Joe, Mo., was heating a curling iron over a lamp on the 6th inst., her clothes were set on fire, and she was seriously, if not fatally, burned. Ladies, don't curl your bangs.

Thomas J. Perry, educated at the Illinois School, is happily domiciled on a fine farm of forty acres of his own, near Dalton, Mo., and is in the enjoyment of good health, and is looking splendidly, that is, he looks stout and healthy. His life partner's maiden name was Annie C. Ingram, who was graduated at Fulton. Two lovely young girls adorn their cozy home, which Tom built with his own hands. They had a son, but the Angel of Death entered their threshold and took him away from them.

Miss Mattie B. Baker, one of Missouri's fairest mute daughters, whose residence was in Huntsville, is at present rusticated at No. 310 Pearl St., San Antonio, Tex. Her parents shook from their feet the dust of Missouri, and moved to "better themselves" a few weeks ago. As Mattie was a general favorite, her company will no doubt be missed by her numerous friends. However, they say, "With May prosperity and happiness go," may her new abode.

Our genial friend, Henry S. Halley, of Elmwood, and Annie Tisdale, both graduates of the Missouri Institution, were made man and wife by Rev. R. H. Kernan, on the 24th ult., at the bride's father's residence in Prairie Chapel, Mo. Presents were numerous, a list of which we cannot recall. Harry has a large circle of mute and speaking friends all over the State, who will congratulate him upon the selection he has made in a helpmate, as the bride is known as a true lady endowed with a kind heart.

To Harry and his fair bride, their friends join us in extending our heartiest wishes for joy and prosperity. May they gather all the roses along life's way, and escape all the thorns. May their hearthstone always be bright and cheerful, and love-preside in their hearts continually. W. A. Crispin, of DeWitt, Mo., Nov. 27, '82.

Mr. Talbot's tobacco leaf amounts to nothing at all. He raised one that measured thirty by thirty two. John O. Wharton and Miss Emma Hunter were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the 2d inst., at Sedalia, Mo. Both were taught "how to shoot the ideas" at Fulton, and will make Sedalia their permanent residence. Their friends tender their congratulations, wishing them years of joy and happiness.

"God, the best maker of marriages, Combine your hearts in one."

Eugene See, of New Florence, owns one hundred and sixty acres of cultivated land and a house, and besides, has recently purchased a piece of property in the town, and may, for aught we know, have matrimonial intentions. The above goes to show that he is a prosperous young farmer.

Rev. A. W. Mann filled his regular appointment at Christ Church on the 3d of December next. He is, according to the most of our folks, a good preacher and delivers finished discourses.

Dame Rumor is responsible for the information that Charley Scilpp will take unto himself an additional rib at no distant day. Amen!

Eddie S. Beetle is as mad as a wet hen. While sleeping in his room at the Monroe House, on the 5th inst., some one entered and kindly relieved him of his best suit of clothes and Sunday hat. Perhaps, his postal card to Mr. Gibbs about his suicide, etc., had something to do with it.

We surprisingly notice a "squire" in the Deaf-Mute Record, written by one of its St. Louis correspondents, "Unknown," to the effect that Mr. Mike Smith was "married on the sly" to Miss Mary Barry, a short time ago. Well, we were not aware of it till the Record was shown to us; and of course, we cannot believe any truth in it, for we hope Mike is too much of a fellow to be guilty of such a thing. However, if it proves to be true, we and "Kerry Patch," one of the spiciest correspondents of the Record, gladly extend our best wishes, Mike—

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers, We, who improve his golden hours, By sweet experience know, That marriage, rightly understood, Gives to the tender and the good A paradise below."

There is an air of expectancy which is very noticeable among our class just now. It is an inkling of a surprise party or two. When or Where, is not for us to say—just now.

Young Leo. Froning has been "cutting a wide swath" for some time over an "Oscar Wilde" hat.

"A man with wooden eyes" could scarcely have avoided observing the proud air and blithe step of that fellow, who is as lively as a cricket, Hugh P. Lamb, as he was seen last week. And when we state that he had obtained a permanent case at good wages as a printer, all will admit that his "joy" was perfectly "appropriate" under the circumstances.

On the 19th inst, at Kansas City, a deaf-mute named Downey, hailing from Terra Haute, Ind., was run over by a passenger train and instantly killed while walking on the railroad. Too bad! We suppose he took the Deaf-Mute Optic's advice about the R. R. "Go quickly, then, and walk upon this pretty track. * * * Do not leave the track!!"

We see by the press that our good friend, Eddie Dundan, the mute pitcher, of Columbus, O., has signed to play next year with the professional nine of Bay City, Michigan, at a fat salary. Shake, old Boy, and here is good luck to you, Eddie.

William A. Crispin "migrated" to De Witt, Mo., from Illinois eight years ago, and is still "thar," getting along finely. He is the district clerk and school director at that place. He is married and has five children. Mrs. Emma White, nee Dougherty, having separated from her husband, because of the latter's inability to support her, is at his house on a short visit. She lives in Norborne, Mo.

Prof. B. T. Gilkey, of the Fulton School, has it in his mind to have a hennery built upon his farm and embark himself in the fowl business. We sincerely hope he will eclipse Mr. E. N. Bowes, of Chicago, in that line.

"Mr. Why," your extensive communications were read with interest, but you are not afraid of trespassing. "Lester Montrose," yours are as interesting and splendid as ever.

"Mr. Spy," your sentiments are good. Keep up penning some more. "Gymnast," your letters are pretty "strong." They are from good material. But we think we can get away with you on the "saw dust."

"Chip," yours are always immense. "Mercury," Tear off another strip and give us some more. We would appreciate the same.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has always been a very excellent paper for the mutes in general, and is improving with age. It is quite mammoth, and always bright and newswy. May its light never be dimmed.

Now, for our own part, readers and correspondents of the JOURNAL, we will beg a leave of absence from your midst for a while; and now let us bid you all a kind farewell. When you read this, we will be in the southern part of Texas to spend the winter, and though not in your midst, we will grasp the JOURNAL with a vigorous grasp and trace its columns with anxiety, to hear from you all once more. We may travel in that beautiful country, and have a great deal of pleasure, but in moments of silent meditation, our minds will wander back to our "Darling" old St. Louis and its gallant lads. Vox Nosa.

NEW YORK.

The Twilight Union.

GOTHAM NOTES.

Here, There and Everywhere.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

"The Guild of Silent Workers" held its third meeting on Tuesday evening, November 28th, 1882, in St. Ann's Sunday School room, with Rev. Mr. Chamberlain in the chair and Mr. E. A. Hodgson as secretary.

Those deaf-mutes who wished to become members signed their names in the secretary's book.

Mr. Clement R. Thomson was selected by acclamation as the fifth person to constitute the executive committee. The vote was unanimous.

Some fault was found with the Constitution and By-Laws, and it was determined to select a committee of five to revise it. Mr. Chamberlain, with the consent of the executive committee selected the committee that evening with C. R. Thomson as chairman.

Tuesday evening, December 26th, is the time for holding the next regular meeting.

TWILIGHT UNION.

Thanksgiving evening, November 29th, was celebrated by the "Twilight Union" by having a party at Mr. and Mrs. Jams' residence, on Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn.

It will be borne in mind that for the two days previous to that date, it had been almost continually snowing, and when the evening arrived the ground was covered by a foot of soft, sticky snow, which clung closer to a person's clothes than a Chinaman street clothes dealer.

But despite the "woeful" misfortune, about twenty deaf-mutes assembled to celebrate the event and have a good time; nor were they disappointed, and those that remained away lost some rare fun.

These social reunions are oases in the desert of deaf-mute life. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is the motto of the "Twilight Union." The members always try to make the occasion as agreeable as possible, and those who participated in the evening's entertainment have to thank Messrs. H. Stengels, P. Tobin and W. Waters, who were the effective committee selected for the occasion by the Twilight Union.

Those invited began to arrive at about eight P. M., and were greeted at the door by the smiling face of Mr. Jams. Overcoats and saccques were taken off and stowed away, and the guests were ushered into a cheerful parlor.

It is hardly necessary to chronicle how the evening passed, but time flew on wings till supper was announced.

The hungry-looking deaf-mute who had vowed he was starving himself for Thanksgiving and would not eat anything, succumbed when he saw the feast spread out on a long table. He forgot his resolution, and only recollected it as he was swallowing his last bon-bon.

After supper, games were resumed, and the remainder of the evening, or rather night, flew rapidly. Post office, fortune telling, dancing and other games, caused the time to fly rapidly till about 4:30 A. M., when the company began to break up.

All were seen safely off, and those living in New York City boarded a Flatbush Avenue car and astonished the conductor, who doubtless at first thought the lunatics at the Flatbush Mad-House had escaped.

Among the ladies present were Mrs. Weinberger, Mrs. Jahring, Mrs. Hattie Bailey, Miss Kinney, Mrs. Pownall, Miss Liebel, Miss Renode, Miss Batz, and a few other names forgotten.

Among the gentlemen were Hon. George Lucas Reynolds, Tom. Holland, John F. O'Brien, Alfred Emmons, J. D. Shelton, J. P. Donohue, Joe. Colly, Mr. Jahring, Mr. Weinberger, C. Vetterlein, Mr. W. G. Pownall, J. Leonard and others.

THIS AND THAT.

Recently we ran into a deaf-mute who was rushing down Broadway, New York, at breakneck speed. Upon seeing us he halted with such abruptness that an old gentleman who was following behind was capsize. After the old gent had been righted and started on his way again, the deaf-mute turned to us and mournfully told us he had been "sold."

"How?" we enquired. After making us swear to eternal secrecy by an iron bond oath, he told us the following pathetic tale.

On Park Row is a cider mill. Outside of the cider mill is an announcement posted on a seven-foot chromo representing a sea serpent being captured by several sailors, that there was on exhibition a mermaid and sea-serpent inside which could be seen free of charge. The deaf-mute never having seen one of these wonderful creatures, eagerly embraced the opportunity and gaily sailed inside. Upon entering, he saw two men come

out of an enclosure in the back of the store eagerly talking. He was taken in hand by a young man in a regular navy yard regulation suit. Against the wall outside of the enclosure was nailed several objects including a sea-horse, an old pistol, a pair of handcuffs, and such odds and ends that can be collected in a pawnbroker's shop.

The young man in sailor cloth had given a minute account of each article attached to the wall, when he was stopped by the deaf-mute signing that he was deaf. "Sailor Clothes" was somewhat taken aback, but still retained his usual amount of cheek, and when the deaf-mute got to the end of the wall and was about to enter the enclosure, he was shown a sign "Admission here, 10 cents." Think ing he was to see a real live mermaid and a sea serpent, he handed over the ten cents, and entered the enclosure. We cannot describe what took place after this, for the deaf-mute got so mad, we thought he would burst a blood-vessel, but we made out that he had never been so fooled in his life before.

Services were held for deaf-mutes by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in St. Ann's at ten o'clock A. M., Thanksgiving Day.

Prof. Western Jenkins, instructor of the High Class at the New York Institution, is to lecture before the Catholic Literary Union next Wednesday evening, 13th inst. Invitations have been issued for the occasion, and a large number of Prof. Jenkins' former pupils and friends are expected to be present. The entrance hereafter to the room of the Catholic Literary Union will be No. 39 West 15th Street bet. 5th and 6th Avenues.

X.

A DEAF-MUTE BEGGAR.

WONDERFUL RESTORATION OF HIS SPEECH AFTER HE HAD RECEIVED CHARITY.

He was middle-aged, haggard and forlorn-looking, and threadbare clothes gave but little protection from the frosty wind that whistled around the church corners at Broad and Arch streets yesterday morning. A stream of well-dressed people, thankful for the many blessings and comforts they enjoyed, passed him and disappeared in the comfortable places of worship in the neighborhood. He stopped several, and begged in pantomime. A well-dressed man and woman mounted the steps of the nearest church. The lady stopped. "Oh George! that poor man. As I'm alive, he's deaf and dumb and hungry. Only think of it, George, hungry on Thanksgiving Day." George thought of it a moment. She opened her purse, ran across the pavement, and placing half a dozen small coins in the beggar's shivering hand, said: "There, my poor man, is something for a Thanksgiving dinner." He nodded thankfully. She went off smiling. Then the poor man moved down Arch street, where he was met by a stout, red-nosed and fishy looking gentleman, who came out of an area-way.

"How did she pan?" "Two bits," replied the deaf-and-dumb man, thankfully.

"Let's get a sody bottle fall?" "Good enough."—Philadelphia Times.

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